



## WHEN PROSPERITY WILL RETURN

(Written Specially For The Bulletin.)

There used to be such a word as "thrift." Dye hear it very often these days?

Both the word and the old-fashioned virtue it describes are apparent strangers to our modern world. They are rarely mentioned to ears old. When a reference is forced it is always made in an apologetic or, worse, a sneering tone.

To say that such-a-one is "a thrifty critter" is about as disparaging, these days, as it would have been fifty years ago to say that he was "a stingy fellow." The charge carries with it a hint of stinginess, of penuriousness, of meanness in small things. It is meant as criticism rather than as praise. It suggests that the possessor is not naturally one of "the bunch," that he is unfitted to belong to "the gang," that he isn't a desirable comrade among "the boys."

This is more than regrettable. It is discouraging. I assume that among my readers there may be a few other ancient farmers, like myself, who remember the days of old and are able to draw comparisons. I do not assume that they, any more than I, look back on those former times with un-mixed regret. The thrifty superstition that the past was always and in every respect better than the present is one we do not share. Indeed, we have small respect for it. It would be foolish and wholly futile task to debate the advantages of the past over the present, or of the present over the past, taking both periods as a whole. For we all admit without question that the world has advanced. It has actually made some progress. We are daily living with increasing clearness that its "Golden Age" is far ahead of us not far behind us.

As a small boy, I have many times enjoyed my father telling me of his own boyhood on this same farm, of a hundred years ago. There wasn't such a thing as a rubber or a chocolate in the world, at that time. Nor any better form of rural illumination than a tall-tale dip or a snuff-bowl lantern. Nor any means of communication faster than a stage-coach or a rail-road. Nor a pane of glass in the whole township larger than seven by nine. He never had a whole orange at one time till after he was "of age," nor a single banana till he was past fifty. "You're a lucky small boy," he used to say to me. "You don't have to wade through deep snow to a neighbor's morning when the kitchen fire has gone out to borrow coals to start it up. You have kerosene lamps to read and study by without danger of catching your eyes. You have a nice whole orange every Christmas." Etc., etc.

This, hear in mind, was more than sixty years ago. To the confound and luxuries he then pointed out which I had but which he did not, when he was a boy, have been added for the present generation a score of others even more worth-while in their capacities. It is surely a better world to live in, now, than it was before the days of railroads and telegraphs and automobiles and electric lights and automobiles better than it was when plows had only wooden mouthpieces better than when human slavery spread its blight over half our own land.

But, granting all this freely, admitting all the progress made, grateful for all the comforts gained and all the broadening of our horizons, nevertheless, less can't help seeing that some really valuable features of the old life have been lost. The forward movement, in building new roads, we have secured better grades and smoother surfaces, but, sometimes, we have lost other advantages.

My road to my nearest market town is over a high mountain. The best highway laid out a hundred and fifty years ago, followed the old bridle trail. It was steep, narrow, crooked and rough. Moreover, it drifted impassable with every winter snow-storm. Later a new track was made, with slightly easier gradients. That, also, was closed every winter by the drifts. So a third was constructed by a route which, though longer and crookeder, experience had shown to be unaffected by blizzards. Then, last of all, came the "state road." It was designed by skilled engineers who maintained for its whole six miles an easy grade; it was built with a well-drained substructure and covered with lasting macadam. It was deeply ditched at the sides and protected by substantial railings. It cost some \$40,000 a mile where the one which preceded it cost less than \$100. The same horses which couldn't pull a ton up the old road will haul two tons up this without worry. The automobile which could only make the old hill on lowest speed and with constant danger of breaking down, sports up the new one in high gear and doesn't fetch an extra cough because of it.

It's a vastly better road than any of the old ones but for one thing. The highly trained engineers didn't take into account the win & sales and snows, and their new highway is hopelessly closed to traffic every ordinary winter by drifts which block miles at a stretch, and which render themselves more or less unceasing mountain gates as fast as snow-plows can dig through them. People who have to venture across the mountain during a snowy winter hunt up the old, steep, crooked, rocky road, and make their way by it because it is comparatively free from drifts.

From which state of things we old fellows deduce the conviction that there

## Peterson's Ointment Best For Eczema

First Application Stops Itching of Eczema, Salt Rheum and Piles.

Ends Chafing Distress in Five Minutes  
"Live and let live is my motto," says Peterson of Buffalo, N.Y. Druggists over America sell PETERSON'S OINTMENT for 25 cents a large box and I say to these druggists, if anyone buys my ointment for any of the diseases or ailments for which I recommend it and are not benefited, give them their money back.

"I've got a safe full of thankful letters testifying to the mighty healing power of Peterson's Ointment for old and running sores, eczema, salt rheum, sores, nipples, broken breasts, itching scalp, chafing and blind, itching and bleeding piles."

John Scott, 283 Virginia Street, Buffalo, writes, "Peterson's Ointment is simply wonderful. It cured me of eczema and also piles, and it did it so quickly that I was astonished." Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

cautions when a dinner of herbs is better than a stalled ox.

A great many people are expecting government or some other outside agency to "do something" towards putting a stop to present economic and domestic ills. They are barking up the wrong tree.

"Heaven helps those who help themselves," not usually those who lie down on their jobs and call on outsiders to take care of them.

When good husbandry once more takes the place of recklessness and economical management succeeds the present orgy of profligacy, and general thrift is substituted for squandering, prosperity will return. No government can effectually hinder it under such circumstances, nor much advance it under opposite conditions.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, But in ourselves, that we are underlings." The mote in the other fellow's eye will seldom affect our own vision. But the beam in our own is likely to lead to all sorts of mishaps.

THE FARMER.

## GROTON-BUILT BOATS ARE IN SHIPS' GRAVEYARD

Forty-three million dollars' worth of steel cargo ships are going to decay in the oil-cooked and water-soaked mud at Prall's Island, a desolate quagmire of mud at the far end of Staten Island, N. Y. Resting on slimy mud banks, riding over their own anchors, dented, scraped, battered, bruised, some of them around at all times, some of them around most of the time with the rise and fall of the tides, grinding, crushing, swaying and leaning against each other as if for mutual support in a great disaster, they are the embodiment of all that is to be condemned in the handling of and tending up of deep-sea vessels.

There are 26 ships in the mess and nearly every shipyard in the country is represented. Among them is the Quinipiac and the Provincetown, scarcely two years ago the former named for the city of New Haven, the latter for the city of Provincetown, Mass. The Provincetown, built last October, and which has made two trips across the ocean, had its deck stanchions bent by the West Grama, swayed its side.

Every ship has been injured in one way or another. They are all weather-beaten and deteriorating rapidly.

Workers' Compensation. The following workers' compensation agreement has been approved by Commissioner J. J. Donohue:

J. L. Stiles and Son Brick Co., North Haven, employer, and John Bonola, Hebron, employee, cut left ankle, at rate of \$15.

Salvation Army Speakers. Major, Maine of Hartford will be with the Salvation Army meeting Friday night at the Army hall on Market street. Captain and Mrs. Cashman of New London will also attend.

A looking glass seldom shows a woman as she would like to see herself.

### Help Yourself

As a builder of strength or protection against weakness

## Scott's Emulsion

has stood the exacting test of time. Help yourself to renewed strength, take Scott's Emulsion!

Scott & Bowne, Elmfield, N. J.

ALSO MAKERS OF

## KI-MOIDS

(Tablets or Granules)

FOR INDIGESTION

## THE HEIGHT OF QUALITY

By the addition of 25 per cent. heavy cream, we are making an Ice Cream that is truly as good as can be made, and while the extra cost is no trifle the regular selling price remains at the old figure. Thursday, Friday and Saturday it will be sold special at the following prices:

CANDY DEPARTMENT	ICE CREAM DEPARTMENT
\$1.25 Chocolates, packed in 1-lb. boxes, lb. . . . 95c	Pistachio Flavored Bisque, plate . . . 22c
Mixed Chocolates, lb. . . 50c	Fresh Fruit Strawberry, plate . . . 25c
Fudge, lb. . . . . 49c	Chocolate, plate . . . 17c
Assorted Candies, including Chocolate Bonbons, Gum Drops and others, packed in 1-lb. boxes, box . . . . . 59c	Vanilla, plate . . . 17c
	Orange Ice, plate . . . 17c

THE ABOVE PRICES WILL BE FOR CASH ONLY.

**S. F. PETERSON, Inc.**  
130 MAIN STREET

## HUMOR OF THE DAY

"All the boys in Crimen Quich appear to have quit playing poker." "Yes," replied Curious Joe. "The sport wasn't worth the trouble it gave us fighting our losses and gains for the income tax return."—Washington Star.

Assistant—The star has telephoned that he has yellow jaundice and must remain at home.

Movie Director—Tell him to come down at once. I'll have the scenario department write a story with a Chinaman hero.—Judge.

Director—Put more reality in that love scene.

Star—Can't do it.

Director—Why not?

Star—Because my third wife told me if I kissed another woman, she'd get a divorce, too.—Film Fun.

Madge—Gossip doesn't pay.

Marjorie—I'm beginning to agree with you, my dear. The last secret I heard cost me more than \$2 for extra telephone tolls.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Did you ever taste moonshine whiskey?" "Certainly not," replied Uncle Bill Bottolito. "Anybody who can't swallow fast enough to keep from tastin' it has no business tryin' to drink it."—Washington Star.

"Too many tall weeds in town." "Ain't tall weeds against the law?" "Yes, but the weeds don't know it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"You're writing poetry, doctor?" "Yes, to kill time." "Haven't you any patients any more?"—Paris Sans-Gene.

tion about passing under a ladder, kept tabs on seventy-seven pedestrians who passed a ladder and noted that thirty-nine took pains to go around it and thirty-eight went under it.

The rajahs and others of the aristocracy in Asia are always in the market for an elephant that has twenty years, because an elephant so equipped by nature is supposed to bring good luck and business prosperity to its owner. They receive special attention and far outrank the sacred white elephants of Siam.

## THE KALEIDOSCOPE

A New Hampshire woman has among her prized possessions a string of sleigh bells which were brought to America in 1725 by John Cogswell, the first settler of Essex, Mass.

The total estimated value of the metal and mineral production of Canada in 1919 was \$172,075,911, which is less than the total value reached during each of the three preceding years.

In view of the progress made in woman's education in Japan during the last decade it is not without interest to recall that one of the very first schools for girls in that land was opened by a Vermont woman in Yokohama in 1871.

In less than a century four women occupied the throne of Russia, and one of them—the Empress Elizabeth, the able daughter of Peter the Great—proved herself far in advance of other rulers of her time by conferring on women full civil rights.

Golfish as bred in Japan and China, assume strange shapes. The Celestial has eyes on top of its head protruding eyes and the Tumbler can not maintain its equilibrium in the water owing to its curious shape.

In Alaska, at the government experiment station, the superintendent is occupying the Canadian yak with Galloway cattle, the purpose being to develop a breed of livestock with the hardiness of the yak and the commercial value and usefulness of the domestic cow.

A reporter of the Albion (Pa.) Tribune, curious as to the reason of the supersti-

## RIDE HIGH, O SUN

O, the days are growing longer, and the sun is growing bold. Earlier he glances in the window, every day! Hour by hour he fights the north wind, and the deadly, clinging cold. And he sooner comes to drive the bitter, silent night away. Snow upon the fields is lying, gray and stained the long roads wind Till they reach the far horizon, where the dull skies meet; Snow and ice their bare limbs clothing, bent by jarring winds unkind. All the patient trees stand waiting for the south wind's kisses sweet.

Even now he marks a pathway for the tender feet of Spring. While she waits and watches on the gulf shore's golden sand; Soon, O, soon, some fair, glad morning, we shall hear the flower bells ring. Telling us that Spring is dancing through the land. Ride still higher, O, life giver, to whom men once bent the knee. Chase the stars from out the heavens, hide the moon that steals your light; Melt the snows that hide the meadows, stir the sap in every tree. Give us long, sweet hours of sunshine, merging into brief, glad night.

NINETTE M. LOWATER.

## TO STOP FALLING HAIR

Parisian Sage Keeps Scalp Healthy and Prevents Dandruff.

If your hair is falling out, or is faded, dry, streaked and scraggy and new hair does not grow, the roots must be immediately vitalized and nourished. To do this quickly, easily, and most effectively, get a bottle of Parisian Sage from your druggist and follow the simple directions for home use.

Parisian Sage is guaranteed to quickly banish all dandruff, stop itching scalp and falling hair and stimulate a new growth, or money refunded. It is in great demand by discriminating women because it makes the hair so soft, lustrous, and easy to manage, and appear much heavier than it really is. A massage with Parisian Sage is a real delight—easy to use, not sticky, a daintily perfumed antiseptic liquid that does not change the hair's natural color.

If you want a clean, healthy scalp, and plenty of thick, good-looking hair, start using Parisian Sage now — tonight. Lee & Osgood Co. will supply you and guarantee money refunded if not satisfactory.

THERE is no advertising medium in Eastern Connecticut equal to The Bulletin for business results.

## SALE SALE SALE

118 MAIN STREET NORWICH, CONN.

## ONLY ONE DAY MORE

## SATURDAY

YOUR LAST CHANCE

We are still giving our goods away—Bring your wagon and load up.

We just unpacked off the shelf, MORE OVERALLS — MORE SWEATERS.

NOTICE — This Sale Will Close Saturday Night, 10 P. M.

LEBRO SALES COMPANY

Faster Sunday, March 27th



## NEW SPRING FASHIONS

All of the fascinating fabrics, all of the cheerful Spring-time, colors and all the loveliness and simplicity of line which characterizes the season's most successful fashions are being presented here now at new, low prices & We will be honored and delighted to show them to you

The Boston Store  
Norwich  
Reid Hughes & Co.